# THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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Principles, not Men; but Men as the Representatives of Principles.

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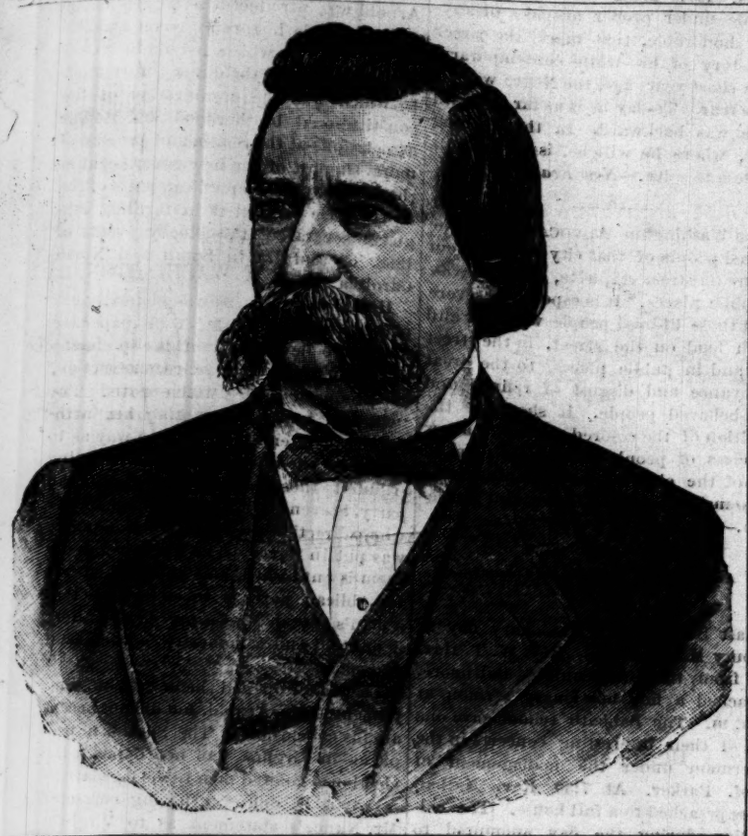

## JOHN A. LOGAN.

JNO. A. LOGAN, OF ILLINOIS, THE PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENCY.

Three cheers for Logan. The Kentucy Republican is for Logan.—*A. Baptist.*

HE FAVORS GEN. LOGAN.

A gentleman who had a conversation with Gen. Grant, quite recently, says that "the ex-President considers Gen. John A. Logan as the most available candidate of all those named, and one whom he would not only support himself, but a candidate whom he would ask all his friends to support. He remarked that he had known Logan from the beginning of the war, and he could testify that he possessed the ability, courage, obedience and endurance of the citizen soldier of our great country to as eminent a degree as the most distinguished on its brilliant roll. In public affairs, he said, Logan has the courage of his convictions; he asserts the integrity of his character even in his own political matters, and that could not always be said of men in political life; and in private life, he added, there is not a man, to my knowledge, who stands out so nobly the type of honesty of purpose, simplicity of life and virtue.

The general further observed that there were others also who would fill the office with great ability, men like Edmunds, of Vermont; but his idea seemed to be that Logan was more a man of the people. It was evident that there were those whom the ex-President thought it would be suicidal to nominate, and who in fact would not receive his support. He did wish to be specific, but could only say that it might be wiser for the nominations to regard the harmony of the party."

FROM NEBRASKA.

MR. EDITOR:—Having shown how a home may be secured in the cheapest way, and how to erect upon it a substantial and warm house very cheap, I shall give a few plain directions as to the cheapest way to begin to break the sod, which is free from stumps and ready for the plough of the husbandman.

Experience has repeatedly shown that the utmost care and direction must be exercised the first year, and that after getting things under way, there will be plenty of business and everything will work easier year after year. At first purchase only that which is absolutely necessary, getting a good article and getting it as cheaply as possible. A cow is necessary and is a good and safe investment, and will cost almost nothing besides grass and hay the first year, and after that there will be plenty for one or more. A few pigs are necessary and will pay from fifty to seventy-five per cent. upon the investment, and, if allowed to run on the grass, will cost nothing until fall and winter when some of them may be sold for the cash.

The breaking plow ought not to cost more than fifteen or eighteen dollars for a good one, if one is careful how he buys. But the way to procure a team is practically the hardest problem of all. In the spring of the year in a new country, an average horse will cost from ninety to one hundred and ten dollars; while a good one will cost from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars. But if one will manage to hold off until fall or winter, he can often buy for nearly half of the amount mentioned above; mules always cost more, but for cheapness, the ox-team is said to be by far the best of all. Give the oxen plenty of time and they can be used to break prairie, cultivate corn, go to the mill or town on the wagon or work on a double buggy. And again, after they have been worked two, three or four years, they can be fattened and sold for beef at more than the original cost, which ought not to have been more than ninety or a hundred dollars.

But all of those who do not feel able or disposed to buy teams the first year, it will be better and cheaper to hire of those who do have them to break ten, fifteen or twenty acres for them. This course will be found to be the best for all concerned, and it is always better to be obliging, compare views, and study the general interest of all. But it is always a poor plan to expand a great deal the first year; and right here is the rock upon which a great many have smashed. The thing to do the first year is to get settled and arranged to go to work early in the spring of the second year, and break and plant a great deal of corn on the sod. Sorghum corn is said to do splendidly on sod and it makes excellent hog feed; and by raising a great deal of it, one can take the best of it to make up into sorghum molasses, and feed a great deal to the hogs during the summer.

Careful calculation is what is needed to insure success, and, as experience is said to be the best teacher, necessity the mother of invention, and diligence the handmaid to virtue, I hope that our minds may be braced to nobler attainments, and our hearts to greater success.

I. B. BURTON,
Crete, Neb.

Jan'y 24th.

### A Good Mother's Plan.

A lady gave us a rule, not long since, by which she succeeded in interesting her lively, fun-loving boys, so that they preferred to remain at home evenings, instead of seeking amusements elsewhere. She said:

"I remember that children are children, and must have amusements. I fear that the abhorrence with which some good parents regard any play for children is the reason why children go away for pleasure. Husband and I used to read history, and at the end of each chapter ask some questions, requiring the answer to be looked up if not given correctly. We follow a similar plan with the children; sometimes we play one game and sometimes another, always planning with books, stories, plays or treats of some kind, to make the evenings at home more attractive than they can be made abroad. I should dislike to think that any one could make my children happier than I can, so I always try to be at leisure in the evening, and to arrange something entertaining.

When there is a good concert, lecture, or entertainment, we all go together to enjoy it; for whatever is worth the price of admission to us older people, is equally valuable to the children; and we let them see that we spare no expense, where it is to their advantage, to be out of an evening.

But the greater number of our evenings are spent quietly at home. Sometimes it requires quite an effort to sit quietly talking and playing with them, when my work-basket is filled with unfinished work, and books and papers lie unread on the table; but as the years go by, and I see my boys and girls growing into home-loving, modest young men and maidens, I am glad that I made it my rule to give the best of myself to my family."

When there is a lack of warm clothing there is always a drain upon the vital energies which tends to break down the health, and this sometimes takes place when the victim has such a good constitution and such excellent health, as to be able to bear with impunity almost any neglect and exposure. I know of women who wear thin cotton stockings all winter, and who say that they do not need anything warmer in-doors, but these are not healthy women, and I doubt if their supposed "feelings" correctly indicate the body's needs. Those who dislike the feeling of wool in contact with the skin (and I think that this is much according to habit or use,) can wear a thin pair of cotton stockings under woolen ones, which is better for warmth than two pairs of cotton stockings.

## Call For A Conference

OF REPRESENTATIVE COLORED MEN.

To the colored voters of the States of Kansas, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, Indiana, Ohio, Pensylvania, Connecticut, New York, Massachusetts, and the District of Columbia: We, your fellow-citizens, constituting the Colored Men's State Central Committee of the State of Illinois, looking with alarm upon the rise and growth of a political despotism in the South arrayed against the exercise of the constitutional rights and privileges of our kinsmen in that section; and viewing with supreme disgust the seeming indifference and apathy of the General Government; and regarding with just indignation the apologizing tone of public opinion; and being impressed with the need and absolute importance of self-action, to the end that the public conscience may be awakened, and a sentiment created in favor of an advance of power sufficient to overthrow the awful iniquity upheld by the dominant element of the South, do earnestly beseech you to join with us in a conference to be held in the city of Pittsburg, State of Pennsylvania, Tuesday, April 29, 1884.

We enumerate the following as the chief purposes of said Conference:

1. To unite in appealing to the loyal, patriotic sentiment of the country to speedily and effectually determine whether in time of peace questions of public concern are to be settled by the ballot or by the bullet. In other words, whether the shot-gun policy now in vogue in the South is to be recognized and sanctioned as a legitimate mode of political warfare.

2. To consider what shall be our line of action in the coming National campaign, so as to enlist the influence of the governing power of the Nation toward a satisfactory settlement of this important and overshadowing question.

3. To assure our loyal and oppressed fellow-citizens in the South of our deep and abiding sympathy, and that we will never relax our efforts to help secure their release from a political condition that is one of practical disfranchisement.

We do not restrict the proposed conference to the above mentioned States because we desire to draw any sectional line to the exclusion of our fellow-citizens in other parts of the National domain, but for the reason that, in the aforesaid States, we wield a measure of political power that is both recognized and felt, and without which neither of the two great political parties can achieve success so long as their present status remains as it is. Basing the justice and wisdom of our course on that lofty sense of loyalty and patriotism which prompts to decisive action an earnest and humane people to battle for the right, and inviting the co-operation of all the friends of liberty, free speech, a free ballot, and a fair count, we are, respectfully, your co-workers, for the triumph of right over wrong.

On behalf of the committee: L. G. Wheeler, R. M. Mitchell, C. S. Smith, F. L. Barnett, W. T. Scott.

### The Woman of Lima.

Lima, says an exchange, is called a paradise of women. They are called beautiful; so they are, if you admire black eyes and ebony tresses—not the dreamy black eyes of the Syrians, nor the liquid eyes of the Egyptians, but the black eyes that easily reveal the different types of character. Peruvian ladies have character and are not afraid to show it; yet we hear nothing of equal rights and privileges among them. For them to lay claim to a right is but to possess it, for they can easily win over the priesthood, and thus have the most powerful class of Peru on their side.

They are generally occupied, but do not work; they look upon work as degrading. They rise early, take a cup of tea and go to mass. Their toilet requires but a few moments. Their walking suits are neat and pretty; in this respect they surpass us. The dress is black and never touches the ground; there is no fussing or fumbling with trains. A white skirt is sometimes seen below the dress, with a deep hem and two tucks, and always white and clean. Prunella gaiters are generally worn; the hands are bare; the manta is thrown over the head, falling gracefully down almost to the bottom of the skirt.

The subject of dress claims most of their attention; their ball dresses and opera and soiree suits are magnificent. Their boots, especially are beautiful. No people have naturally as small feet as the Peruvians. The Peruvian-made boots are too small for foreigners.

Peruvian ladies are not very intelligent; as soon as they pass beyond the school-girl period they care little for books or literature. Many learn to play the piano when young, but do not care to continue when married. They are excessively courteous in their manner, but we are not to be misled by appearances. Their mode of salutation is more of an embrace than anything else, and they always say: "My house and all that I have is entirely at your disposal, and we are to be as one family." They are always wealthy in imagination—at least they never speak of poverty. They love to smoke. Although handsome when young, they scarcely turn twenty when they begin to fade.

The man who went to work with a will must have been a lawyer.

### Beauty In Our Homes.

No American can travel through the French parishes in the Northern Canadian provinces without being struck by the picturesque cottages of the French *habitans* that are frequently seen, and the houses occupied by the same class of persons in the United States.

All are alike built of wood, all are alike cheap, but the Canadian house with its variety of steep roofs and gothic windows its fine coloring, its quaint shaded garden is a delight and surprise to the eye of an artist, while we all know how plain and unattractive is the ordinary farmhouse in America.

Many a well-to-do farmer owns a rich farm, to the culture of which he gives unremitting labor and large sums of money. But the house he lives in gives no evidence of the care or thought that he expends on his farm. It is a square dwelling set down in a bare space, and surrounded by a staring rampart of chicken-coops, barns, corn-cribs and pig-sties.

The whole place is orderly and clean, but none the less is it unattractive and unhomelike. Thrift, and plenty, and cleanliness are seen everywhere. These are good and necessary things in their way, but they are not all the good or the necessity of life. The coarsest man or boy has within him a sense of beauty, a love of harmony in Nature. This may be awakened to elevate and refine his whole nature, or it may be allowed by neglect to die out, while he degenerates into a coarse, money-making plodder.

Every farmer's wife or daughter has it in her power, if not to make her house itself picturesque, to surround it with beauty that costs nothing. Let there be roses in the garden; vines clambering over the roof; a few copies of good pictures on the walls, and the gentle words and loving looks everywhere which crown the whole.

The men and boys, going in and out to their ploughing, or work in the barns, may never seem to notice these efforts, or even know themselves that they notice them. But when they go out into the world, or grow old, these are the things that they will remember as "home," and which will be a dear and tender memory to them forever; not the pig-pens, or crops, or the amount of money earned, which seem so important to them now.

There is no more energetic, intelligent or thrifty class than that of the American farmer. But he is apt to forget that "man does not live by bread alone," and to slight in his daily surrounding the beauty and refinement which is necessary food for his better self.

God makes the crops to grow, and fills the hills with useful coal and iron; but it is not without meaning that He covers them over with the glory of forest, wild vine and blushing flower. He has surely "made everything beautiful in its time" for a real purpose which we should interpret in our own lives and for our own improvement.

### Pure Food.

It is no economy to use inferior food. It is a saving of money, time and health to pay a higher price for what we eat, if it be fresh and perfect, than to obtain it for less on account of its being wilted or old or partially decayed. Some people prefer to make their meat tender by keeping, which means decomposition has taken place, in plainer phrase, is rotting. Such meats require less chewing, and may appear very tender, but it is a physiological fact that they are not digested as easily or as quickly as solid fresh meat. When a vegetable begins to wilt it is no longer that vegetable, because a change of particles has taken place, and in such proportion it is unnatural—it is dead—and to eat it tends to death.

One of the most horrible forms of disease is caused by eating sausages that have been kept a long time; more common in Germany than elsewhere. Scarcely anything saddens us so much in passing through some of the by-streets and more eastern avenues as the sight of the long-kept meats and shriveled vegetables which are sold to the unfortunate poor at the Dutch groceries. But the poverty-stricken are not the only sufferers; the richest men come in for their share, for themselves and for their families, in proportion as the mistresses of their splendid mansions are incompetent or inattentive to those household duties, the proper performance or neglect of which makes all the difference between a true wife and a contemptible doll. With all the high-sounding advantages of "Young Ladies's Boarding Schools" and "Institutes," and all that, with the twaddle about learning French and German, and æsthetics, how many of those paint-like girls are any more fit to take charge of a man's household than to navigate a ship or calculate a parallax?—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

### Geraniums in the Window.

It is very rare to see a well-grown geranium in window culture. Even if the plants bloom fairly, they are often drawn up, misshapen things, not pleasing to look upon. In the majority of cases, plants that have been set out in the garden for the summer are allowed to "go as you please." The roots finding an abundance of rich soil, the tops grow off at a famous rate. At the approach of cool weather the plants are taken up as they stood; if any cutting is done, it is at the roots, to bring them within the limits of a pot, and the plants are placed in the window. As a consequence of such treatment, the major of the leaves fade and fall, and show a lot of long, lanky stems, with a small tuft of leaves at the top. This condition of the plants is due either to a lack of knowledge or to timidity. Amateur cultivators, as a general thing, seem to fear to use the knife; could the plants suffer pain, they would not be more reluctant to cut. The proper method is, to prepare the plants for taking in long before the time for lifting them; but it is to late to advise that, as it is to suggest pruning them at the time of taking them up. Even at this late day it is better to cut back the geraniums to a good shape than to let them remain as they are. Of course each plant will have its own needs in this respect, and only general advice can be given. Cut back the long stems in such a manner that the plant will form a low, rounded head, and remove altogether such branches as will make the head too much crowded.—*American Agriculturist.*

### The Timber Scare.

A writer in the Montreal *Star* takes the ground that there is no reasonable apprehension that the country will be shorn of its stock of timber within the short period that has been allotted by lumbermen and others from time to time. He says:

I do not altogether deprecate a certain anxiety about the depletion of our forest timber, and I admit that the depletion is going on rapidly. But people who say that "at our present rate of consumption" our timber limit will be exhausted of all its valuable trees in ten, fifteen or twenty years, tal' without reasoning the question out as it deserves to be. The fact is, sir, that we are every year substituting other material for timber, and that we will not use any species of timber in future "at the present rate of consumption." Within the past few years boards are giving way to wire fences; brick and stone are replacing wood for houses; asphalt and stone are replacing it for sidewalks, and in a short time wooden posts for fences will be replaced by posts of stone or iron. Wood is going out of use as hoops for barrels, and even baskets made of strip iron for picking cotton in the southern states, gathering potatoes, harvesting fruit and such work, have replaced the old wooden baskets of former days. Then look at our sea-going and river ships, while our locomotives are every day using coal to generate steam, instead of wood, as formerly. In erecting our buildings see how much iron is used where it used to be wood. In the construction of bridges; in the manufacture of agricultural implement, furniture, seats for gardens, cradles—in fact everything where wood used to be the exclusive commodity in use, we now see iron pushing it to the wall. And this is becoming more the case every year, so that the depletion cannot continue "at the present rate of consumption." I grant that the increase of population may, however, give reasonable ground for the belief that Canada's timber limits, as well as those in the United States, need looking after, but I believe that if farmers took advantage of the waste spots on their farms and planted forest trees on them, much could be done to meet the anticipated evil.

### Miscellaneous Recipes.

*Apple Dumpling.*—Pare and core fine, juicy apples that will cook quickly; then take light bread dough, cut into round pieces half an inch thick and fold round each apple until well covered. Put them into a steamer, let them rise, then set the steamer over a pot of boiling water, and steam until done. Try them with a fork. Eat with cream and sugar, or maple syrup. The latter is very nice.

*Delicious Muffins.*—Take two cups of flour and work into it thoroughly two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; wet the flour with milk until it is about the consistency of pancake batter; then add three well-beaten eggs the last thing; mix well and drop quickly into muffin rings, well buttered, and bake in a quick, hot oven.

*Bread and Butter Pudding.*—Stone a quarter of a pound of raisins; wash and pick six ounces of currants; shred two ounces of citron, and mix all together; cut half a loaf of stale bread in thin slices and butter on both sides; line a baking dish with the buttered bread and sprinkle thickly with the fruit; put an alternate layer of bread and fruit till all is used, letting the bread be last; make a custard of four eggs, a quart of milk, and six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and pour over your bread and fruit; bake half an hour; serve hot in the dish it is baked in.

*Nut Cake.*—Half a pound of sugar, five ounces of butter, creamed together, four eggs beaten in one at a time; a teacupful of cold water, three quarters of a pound of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour, and a small pinch of salt; last of all, two cups of carefully picked shell-barks; the utmost care must be taken not to leave in any shells, or a broken tooth may be the consequence. bake in a quick oven in small pans.

*Apple Fritters.*—These make a cheap and delicate dessert. Prepare a batter as for griddle cakes; that is, a thin batter made of flour and sweet milk and baking powder, or flour, sour milk and soda; then stir in apples which you have chopped fine, the quantity depending on your taste; fry them as you would griddle cakes, and serve with a syrup made of melted white sugar. If you wish, you may make them in patty-pans instead of frying them.

*Date Pudding.*—Six ounces of suet chopped fine, six ounces of bread crumbs, six ounces of sugar, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one wine-glass half full of brandy, one-half or three-quarters of a pound of stoned dates; beat the sugar and eggs together, then stir in the other ingredients; steam for two hours. Serve with sauce made in this way: The yolks of three eggs, pulverized sugar to thicken them a little, with the whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth and stirred in last. If you have no conveniences for weighing, measure the suet, bread and sugar, putting in equal quantities of each.

*Pumpkin Pie.*—Stew the pumpkin the day before you wish to bake pies; cook till very soft, so that you can rub it through a sieve; take three eggs to two pies if they are not plenty; if they are, put two in each pie, a large cup of pumpkin into one pie, milk enough to thin it sufficiently, that is, to make it like custard; season with ginger, molasses and brown sugar if you choose; bake till a brown crust forms over the top.

—Nourishing food, pure air, plentiful sleep, and happy exercise are all essential to perfect health. Nutritious food is necessary for good blood, and this cannot be pure unless clean, fresh air be bountifully supplied. Growth and repair cannot go on properly without the entire rest of healthy, unforced sleep, and exercise of both body and brain is necessary to the health and strength of each.

Never desert a friend in the desolation of his own abandonment. Prove your devotion by clinging to him in his defenceless woe; assuage his grief, and imparting to him some of the buoyancy of your own exultant spirits, place him in the sunlight of faith and hope. The achievement will be worthy of the object, and in its accomplishment behold your reward!

### Curious Cats.

As one of the few men who like cats I never lose an opportunity of trying to make these social and intelligent animals better known and understood, and so beg a small portion of your space for the purpose of adding a few facts that have come under my own observation, and for the authenticity of which I can vouch. With regard to their palates, I once had a cat that was extremely fond of bread and jam. Whenever she saw me eating it—I was a youngster at that time, and fond of it myself—she would come for her share, and as much more as she could get. She must have had a sweet tooth generally, for she also liked any kind of cake, although she disagreed with the principle of having currants in it, and to humor this whim of hers I used to pick them out, if there were any in it, before giving it to her. The worst that can be said about these tastes is that they were peculiar. What I have to tell about this cat's eldest son, however, makes me blush with shame for the whole feline race.

This latter disreputable and degraded pussy displayed at an early age a strong taste for bitter beer, and I have seen him at times so inebriated as to be unable to stand, even on the four legs that nature had blessed him with. It began in this wise: The tap of our beer barrel leaked, so a saucer was placed underneath to catch the droppings. One day pussy by chance got shut up in the beer cellar. Perhaps in the darkness he mistook the beer for milk; anyhow, when the door was opened the saucer was empty, and the cat was unmistakably "tight." From that time he was ever hanging about the beer cellar door, watching his opportunity to sneak in, as men lounge round the public house doors five minutes to one on Sundays. We cured him of his drinking habits at last by a very simple process. We got a beer barrel that *didn't* leak, and after that he changed his ways, and became a sober and decent member of society.

His mother at one time became foster-mother to a young squirrel—an orphan. She took wonderfully to the little foundling, and seemed to care in fact more about him than about her own kittens, but she could never quite make him out. He objected to be licked, for one thing, and he would cock his tail over his head in a way that nearly broke his foster parent's heart. Do what she would she couldn't get it to lie down properly, and, on one occasion, she really cried out with vexation over it. Had I the space I could give many instances showing pluck, intelligence and affection in cats. To those that they see are friendly to them, they are no longer the sleepy, uninteresting creatures they appear to most people, but lively, sportive, and thoroughly amusing little companions. Many an otherwise dull half-hour have I spent in hearty laughter over the tricks of even the most staid and matronly of them, and many who now look upon them as merely kitchen lumber would, I am sure, find it repay them to make themselves better acquainted with these harmless little "domestic tigers."

### Hush Money.

Governor Murray tells a laughable story of his experience in the Georgia march to the sea, which is worth repeating:

"Speaking of the famous march through Georgia," said the governor, "I never shall forget the amount of money it cost us to keep an old woman from crying herself to death. Of course we were obliged to subsist off the country as we went along, and we naturally took about the best in sight. One day we took possession of a chicken ranch kept by an old lady who stood at the front gate with a broom and threatened to lick all of Sherman's forces if they did not move on. Now chickens were considered officers' meat, and, and as we were infernally hungry, we went for these hens pretty lively. When she saw that her favorite fowls were being caught and killed she keeled right over and began to cry. Presently she began to scream, and finally you could hear that woman's voice clear to Atlanta. I sent the surgeons in to quiet her, but they failed, and then the officers took turns, but the more attention paid her the more she howled. I then got pretty nervous over the infernal noise, because the whole army would hear it, and they might suppose somebody was torturing the woman. Finally Sherman rode up and asked what it was all about, and when we told him, he said: "Give her a bushel of confederate bonds for her hens, and see if that won't stop her." Acting on this hint I proceeded to business. We had captured a confederate train the day before with $4,000,000 of confederate money and I hunted up the train at once. The money was worth about two cents on the dollar. Well, I stuffed about half a million dollars in an old carpet sack and marched into the house.

"Madam," said I, opening the sack, "I'll give you $50,000 to quit this noise." It was as still as death in a minute, and then her face expanded in a broad smile. I laid the package of notes on the table and I never saw so delighted a woman. The effect pleased me, and I continued: "General Sherman presents his compliments and $100,000." I never in my life saw such a pleased old woman, and I wound up by dumping the contents of the sack right down on the floor, and telling her that when it came to contributions to distressed females I could be outdone by no man living.

She invited the officers to supper and she cooked every chicken on the ranch and set out cider as free as water. We were having a pretty good time when a long, lank old coon came in, and she said it was her husband. Pretty soon his eye fell on the money. "Sarah," said he, "where in blazes did you get all this darned truck?"

"A present from General Sherman," said she.

"'Tain't worth a continental cent, they're kindling fires with it down at New Orleans."

The old woman rose up, her face as white as your shirt front, and her eye wasn't pleasant to meet.

"So you are the bilk that gave me this, are you," she called out, reaching for the old broom.

The entire mess rose and started from that house. We never heard any more of her, and there isn't a man of the crowd who would meet that old woman for all that confederate money, if it would bring 100 cents on the dollar at the treasury department at Washington.

## The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1884.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington ..... G. B. Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
New York ..... M. F. Hamlin.

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Business and special notices are 5 cents a line.
Advertisements, send for rates.

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R. T. Hill & Co., Richmond, Va.
Office of the Literary Enterprise, 156 6th Avenue, Niw York City.

LOCAL AGENTS.

East Washinton H. G. Camper.
West Washington, Miss A. S. V. Jones and J. L. Turner.


## LOCAL.

—FOR RENT—810 M Street, Unfurnished back rooms, with or without board. jan19-2t.

—Charles E. Deans, a bivalvular merchant in "the twin cities by the sea," paid a flying visit here last week. He proposes to make another trip three months later.

—Concert for the poor at Israel church Monday night by the teachers of Randall building. Please attend.

—The Monday Night Club discussed the Crusades this week.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor will be pleased to see his friends at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The Evening Parlor Concert at the 15th Street Presbyterian church next week deserves your patronage. See advertisement.

—Gen. T. Morris Chester was in town Tuesday.

—Hon. P. B. S. Pinchback, James Lewis and A. J. Dumont are at the Philadelphia House.

—T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor (late of the firm of Banks & Richardson) still continues his trade at 615 L street, N. W. tf.

—The Plymouth Congregational Fair at Wayland Hall should be liberally patronized by all lovers of entertainment.

—We are happy to announce that Rev. J. H. Brooks is improving finely.

—Mr. R. Boston, who has been quite sick for several weeks, is now very ill.

—Mrs. Joseph Brooks has been confined to her bed for the last three weeks. She is suffering from a severe cold.

—The Annual Fair of the Berean Baptist church will be given this year, commencing Wednesday evening, February 27th. Several new and interesting features have been devised to make the occasion attractive and enjoyable. The public are cordially invited.

Season tickets, - - - 25 Cents.
Single admission, - - 10 "
jy26-4t

— If you wish fashionable suits for winter wear, call on T. K. Richardson, the practical tailor, at 615 L St., N. W. tf.

—The ladies of Plymouth congregational church, assisted by their friends, will have a grand bazar, commencing the 12th of February, and continuing three weeks, at Wayland Hall, I-street between 19th and 20th streets. We hope the friends will patronize us liberally.

Admission 10 cents. Mrs. Wm. L. Freeman, president; Miss Sadie Jones, secretary; Rev. W. T. Peel, pastor.

—James Dean has been absent in Florida attending the conference of colored citizens.

—John Wesley was well filled Sunday before last. Misses Geary and Bowen read essays and R. J. Smith delivered an address.

—The Fair and Festival to be given by the Berean Baptist church will commence on Wednesday evening, the 27th inst., one week later than the previous announcement.

No pains have been spared to make this an attractive place for all who may favor the church with their patronage; and the public are cordially invited.

Admission, 10 cents.

—The Baptist Sunday School Union met last Sunday afternoon at Zion Baptist church in South Washington. The exercises were quite interesting. When Mr. Howard made a motion that Dr. G. M. P. King, of Wayland Seminary, (who was present) be invited to address the union, Rev. R. S. Laws arose and put in a positive objection, and the motion was lost. Mr. McGuinn, of Baltimore, read an essay on Sunday school work, which was discussed by the union. Mr. Alexander Hamilton, the president of the union, is making these meetings quite useful.

—The teachers and pupils of the Randall will give a concert on next Monday evening at the Israel C. M. E. church corner 1st and B-sts, s. w, for the benefit of the poor. All good people should contribute to aid the poor. The admission is 10 cents.

—The Wendell Phillips' memorial meeting will be held at the Congregational Church next Friday night, the 22nd instant. Register Bruce will preside, with twenty vice-presidents, and Mr. Henry Johnson will act as secretary. Hon. Frederick Douglass will deliver the principal oration. Other addresses are expected from Hon. Robert Purvis, Prof. R. T. Greener, Dr. Rankin, R. G. Ingersoll, and ex-Gov. Long, of Massachusetts. Choice music will be rendered by a select choir under the leadership of Capt. C. A. Fletwood. The public are freely invited.

—Rev. J. H. A. Johnson, editor of the *African Methodist*, will speak next Tuesday night on Domestic Economy.

—Frank Jones is contemplating attending the Boston Conservatory of Music.

—At the re-organization of the general Republican committee effected last Tuesday night, A. M. E. Clapp was re-elected president, and Prof. R. T. Greener, secretary; J. T. N. Wilkinson, corresponding secretary, and George Holmes, treasurer.

Mr. W. C. Chase made a fight in his own behalf for president, but was overwhelmingly defeated. And now he is wondering what has done it?

Mrs. Kate Smith, wife of William J. Smith, after a severe but brief illness died last Sunday afternoon, and was buried last Wednesday at the Olivet Cemetery. Requiem mass was celebrated at the St. Augustine's Roman Catholic church with Father De Ruter as celebrant, Fathers Walsh and Hurley assistants.

The music was very fine. Mrs. Smallwood, besides the regular offices, sang as a solo, "Angels, bright and fair," with most touching effect. The discourse was very appropriate to the occasion. The christian excellences of the departed were highly extolled.

The deceased left to mourn her loss, an afflicted husband and seven children, a father, a mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Jackson, a sister, Mrs. M. Irving, several brothers, and a host of relatives.

The remains were inclosed in a handsome casket and many floral tributes of rare taste and beauty testified to the esteem in which Mrs. Smith was held.

The following were the pall-bearers at the funeral of Mrs. Kate Smith: Messrs. Middleton, Kelley, Baltimore. R. A. Gillem, Sidney A. W. Simms, G. A. Talbot and James Toy.

The church was crowded, not only regular worshippers attended, but numbers of different churches, in the service of which Mrs. Smith was frequently found, were present to mingle their grief with the sorrowing family.

May her spirit rest in peace!

TO THE PASTORS, TRUSTEES OR CHURCH CLERKS OF THE CITY.

At the suggestion of a distinguished gentleman I am preparing an article on the colored churches of this city, showing the work done by them. I will be thankful for information giving the receipts and expenditures of any of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and M. E. churches. This information should include the number of members, money raised from all sources, amount paid for salary and other current expenses, as well as the amount paid on improvements. Address,

P. O. Box 263. J. W. Cromwell.

### West Washington Notes

We regret very much to note the death of Mr. George Lee, an old citizen of this town, who held a position as coachman in the Engineering department under the board of public works. He leaves a large and interesting family. His loving and patient wife, who was untiring in her devotion and efforts to make him as comfortable as possible, will miss him for his loving disposition, his tenderness and affection.

***

Mr. Robert Wilson, an old citizen of this town, and for many years a prominent member of King's Philharmonic Band, who has been in declining health for sometime, is dangerously ill at his residence, Q-street near 33d.

***

The Engineering department in charge of the water works, has commenced the work of enlarging or increasing the facilities of that department by demolishing several buildings near the Aqueduct bridge and Rock creek.

***

Workmen have commenced ditching on the west side of Rock creek to run a powerful engine to be used to operate air-pumps, which are to convey air through pipes into the new tunnel down the shafts, there to be used to run the drill machines.

***

Apropos - The health of the denizens of the ancient, and heretofore healthful village, Georgetown, will not be much improved, nor the value of property greatly increased by its being made the receptacle or dumping ground of Washington's refuse, brought to us through the foul sewers. We insist that the mouths of these malicious monsters be carried to the river front, or that Rock creek be arched over at once.

***

The citizens of West Washington have some rights. They claim the right that it is high time that they have a decent school building.


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feb 9.

## Evening Parlor Concert,

In aid of the fund to repair the

**15th-st. Presbyterian Church.**

Monday Evening, Feb. 19, 1884.

Vocal and instrumental music by the Misses Bruce, Slade and Collins; Messrs. Fleet, Hall, Layton and Nalle.

Recitations by Mr. Harlan and Dr. N° Frank White.

German character scene, and Irish courtship, Miss Mamie Williams, Miss Cox and Mr. George M. Arnold.

Admission - - - - - 25 cents

Public respectfully invited.

### The Fast Cure.

When one feels symptoms of disorder in the stomach or head, qualmishness, distention, pain in the former, or dizziness or pain in the latter, his or her best course is to omit a meal, instead of taking medicine. If when another meal-time comes around there is no craving for food, omit another meal, and even a third, if necessary to restore the stomach to its normal condition. When the body becomes overwearied, rest from labor is much better than stimulants to goad the drooping energies, and when the stomach is over-burdened and exhausted, it also needs rest. The following from "Diet Cure," by Dr. Nichols is to the point:

"Eating should only be performed in response to a natural appetite. With this precaution there would not be much sickness to cure; but in case of most ordinary sickness, the first thing to do is to fast. Eat nothing so long as the stomach does not crave it. In certain states of disease, where the organs of digestion are weakened and disordered, the best beginning of a cure may be total abstinence for a time from all kinds of food. There is no cure like it. If the stomach can not digest, the best way is not to force anything upon it—give it rest. Rest is the one thing that it needs. Take nothing but pure soft water, and only that when demanded by the sensation of thirst—this will make the best possible beginning of a cure in a great majority of cases. When convalescence takes place, and the patient feels that he could eat something with relish, let that something be plain and easy of digestion, and let its quantity be small. A few days of such feeding will usually set one all right for his regular meals, without the aid of any medicine whatever.

### A Remedy for Burns and Scalds.

Some time since, the *American Agriculturist* recommended the use of bicarbonate of soda, that is the common cooking soda, for most kinds of burns. Since then frequent experiments and observations, the opinions of physicians, and the best medical journals, have more than confirmed all we then said. As burns and scalds are always liable to occur, and as this remedy, though simple, has proved to be extraordinarily useful, it should be fixed in the mind of every one. The soda and the carbonic acid so readily set at liberty from it have anæsthetic, antiseptic, and disinfecting properties—all highly beneficial for burns.

For slight burns cover all the injured parts with a layer of powdered soda. For deeper burns, but where the skin is not broken, dip linen rags in a solution made by dissolving about one-third of an ounce of the soda in a pint of water; lay the rags on and keep them moist with the solution. For very severe burns, followed by suppuration (formation of pus,) apply the rags in the same way, keeping them moist; but frequently exchange them when dry for fresh ones, and carefully wash off, with the soda solution, any matter that has accumulated underneath, so that it may not be absorbed into and poison the blood. Leading European medical journals give numerous instances in which, by the above treatment, extensive burns of very severe character have healed speedily, leaving little scar.

HURRIED DINNERS.—It is a mistake to eat quickly. Mastication performed in haste must be imperfect even with the best of teeth, and due admixture of the salivary secretion with the food cannot take place. When a crude mass of inadequately crushed muscular fibre, or undivided solid material of any description, is thrown into the stomach, it acts as a mechanical irritant, and sets up a condition in the mucous membrane lining that organ which greatly impedes, if it does not altogether prevent, the process of digestion. When the practice of eating quickly and filling the stomach with unprepared food is habitual, the digestive organ is rendered incapable of performing its proper functions. Either a much larger quantity of food than would be necessary under natural conditions is required, or the system suffers from lack of nourishment. Those animals which were intended to feed hurriedly were either gifted with the power of rumination or provided with gizzards. Man is not so furnished, and it is fair to assume that he was intended to eat slowly. —*London Lancet.*

Animals, as well as man, should live five times as long as it takes them to reach their full developement or gtowth. It is said that the moment of completed development may be recognized by the junction of the bones with the apophyses. This takes place at twenty years in man; at five years in horses; the ox at four years; with the cat at eighteen months. It is rare for any of these to live beyond five times the number of years required for their growth.

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## SOCIAL FOX-FIRE.

BY ARGUS.

One of the meanest and most despicable elements of human character is that which takes delight in magnifying small things for the purpose of making mischief. And this element is developed to a greater or less extent in almost every human being. It is a practical illustration of the "beam and the mote." Few of us are able to see the gross inconsistencies in ourselves, but it is a very easy matter to observe those we find in others, and too frequently to magnify them into faults much greater than they really are. We seem to forget that human beings are very imperfect, and ofttimes that we are human beings. As I have said, the disposition to magnify small things is common to us all, but when that disposition is so developed as to become a developed depravity to be exercised in breeding trouble and mischief, we may well be alarmed. And there is no sphere in which this depravity is more generally exercised than in social relations. Motives are questioned, scandal is plumed and the serpent permitted to crawl at large on the slightest social provocation. Love is the "modern fair one's feet," and a blank mockery if matters are not suited to the demands of society, while black-hearted duplicity and cunning rascality are permitted for society's sake.

There is a manifest disposition on the part of certain white people to propagate feelings of race antagonism by insinuating that, because once in a great while a colored person marries a white one, the colored people will eventually absorb the whites and change the color of the "great white race." They claim that whenever colored person gets a little education, he wants to force his way into white society and marry a white person. This is a great mistake. To be sure the white people as a class are somewhat in advance of the colored people in education, business, and it is not unreasonable that the colored people should admire them for it. Indeed they would be very foolish if they did not. But this admiration for superior education does not necessarily produce that hankering after wide intercourse with the whites. The fact is, the colored people as a class don't want anything to do with the whites. Their experience has taught them that the influences which the whites exert over them are not productive of that wholesome moral, intellectual and material growth they so much desire. Experience teaches them that "white man's very uncertain and colored man's never safe;" that the only use the white people have for them is to get from them whatever is worth getting. The experience of colored people during the last twenty years has taught that little is to be gained by forcing their way among white people. Some of our people have tried it, and we have no special reason to suppose that they are any the better off for it. What the colored people want is to be permitted to mingle where there is congeniality, to love where it can be reciprocal, to marry where the marital rights are fully are fully observed and appreciated. And we have no special evidence to show these can be done to any better advantage among the whites than among our own people. The cry that the colored people are all marrying white folks is a mean and wicked one promulgated by small white men and women. In order to show the indisposition on the part of the colored people to even mingle with the whites, I may simply say that at the last public reception given by the President, not a colored person attended—not even a colored politician, not even a colored "dude."

## The One Name.

Jesus! How does the very word overflow with exceeding sweetness, and light, and joy, and love, and life; filling the air with odors, like precious ointment poured forth, irradiating the mind with a glory of truths in which no fears can live; soothing the wounds of the heart with a balsam that turns the sharpest anguish into delicious peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our courage, the earnest of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our foes, the remedy for all our weakness, the supply of all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption; Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church, as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the Mount of God; thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of heaven, where the redeemed unite their exulting, adorning songs around the throne of God. Jesus! thou only canst interpret thy own name, and thou hast done it by thy works on earth, and thy glory at the right hand of the Father.—*Dr. Bethune.*

## The Orpheus.

BY LE DUKE.

Well, the inimitable Orpheus Glee Club has given a concert, and the people have once more settled down. The concert was a success in some particulars, and a failure in others. Financially, it seems to have been a success, for the house was well filled, and although the admission fee was moderate, the receipts must have been considerable, and the expenses, as I learn, quite moderate. Beside this, the general appearance of the singers was highly commendable. They looked well in their conventionals, and made a good impression on the start. The choruses, too, were rendered with but very little jar, though there is room for much improvement. The enunciation was very imperfect. As for the solos, so much can hardly be said. Miss Smith sang sweetly. Her voice is sweet and rare, and although it does not possess the range and volume I have seen in some other voices, it gave general satisfaction. The "Miserere" was sung in a very artistic manner by Miss Smith. The male solo, however, was not rendered by a member of the club. And in this the club is highly reprehensible. With respect to this the club showed great lack of judgment in two instances. In the first in choosing Mr. Tompkins as the leading tenor, and secondly, in not providing a substitute from the club to supply any emergency which might arise. Mr. Tompkins is by no means the only good tenor in the club. Indeed he is incomparably inferior to many voices in the Club. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Hall should have been chosen as principal and substitute in place of Mr. Tompkins.

Mr. Layton sang very well in the principal pieces, but when he sang as an encore the "Laughing Song," his manner of rendition was very poor in that he contorted himself too much. He represented the ridiculous ge-haw of the cornfield hand rather than the hearty laugh of a gay festive and intelligent singer. Summing up the concert it might be said that the club are progressing finely; that the director is tolerable; that the arrangements for the entertainment were not the very best; that the gentlemen have taste; that the music was well chosen, but not rendered in the best style; that there is much room for improvement; that Mr. Tompkins should have shown a little modesty by not forcing himself to the front, while others possessing superior voices are kept in the rear; that the excuse given by Mr. T., that the reason he did not sing in the "Miserere" solo was because the chorus would be deficient without him, is ridiculous; that Miss Smith was in every way capable of assisting the club, and further, that the many tributes she received were well deserved; and that the club have sufficient material upon which to draw without going outside of the race to find a good tenor. The club can do well if they but will to do so. There are good voices in it, and if the members will not dictate to bossism, and have some respect for colored newspapers, and the talents of those outside of the club, we may expect good things from them in the future. The people will be pleased to have a club free from the snobbery and inflated self-conceit which characterized clubs now defunct.

## Farmers' Wives.

Did you ever think of the amount of thought to plan three meals a day for 365 days in succession? To prepare enough, and not too much, and for those living at a distance from the village to remember that the stock of flour, sugar, tea, etc., is replenished in due time? Did you ever think of the multitude of her cares and duties? She must rise early, to prepare breakfast or otherwise oversee it. Perhaps there are children to wash, dress, and feed or get ready for school with dinners. There is baking, sweeping, dusting, making beds, lunch for the men, may be dinner; supper to be made ready at the proper time; the washing, starching, folding, and ironing of clothes, the care of milk including the making of butter and cheese; and the inevitable washing of dishes. In autumn there is an additional work of pickling, preserving, canning of fruits, drying apples, boiling cider, making apple sauce, with the still more unpleasant task which falls to her lot in butchering time. Then there is haying, harvesting, sheep shearing, etc., when more help is needed, bringing an increase of her labors. Twice a year comes house-cleaning. By the way, of all the foes that a housekeeper has to contend with, dirt is the greatest. She may gain a complete victory and think to repose upon her laurels after the semi-annual engagements—but it is only temporary. The enemy soon returns, and even daily skirmishing does not keep it at bay.

There is the mending too. Sewing machines are great blessings, but they can not set in a patch or darn stockings. I don't mention these things by way of complaining of woman's lot in general, or asking for her any rights which she does not possess. I don't know as there is any remedy in the present state of the world. It seems to be one of the ills of life which must be borne as we bear other ills, but what I ask is a due appreciation of the important part a woman acts, and a concession that her labors, mental and physical, are as great, all things considered, as those of the other sex. Women are not so childish that a little sympathy now and then, or acknowledgment of their efforts and sacrifices, make them imagine their case worse than it is. I tell you men and husbands, "It doeth good like a medicine," and many a poor, crushed, broken-down wife and mother is dying for want of it.

## AN AERONAUT'S STORY.

"Yours is an odd trade."

I made this remark to Mr. Fred Barnett, a traveling acquaintance, as the cars were nearing Toledo. He had told me that he was a professional aeronaut. His ascensions, however, were not made for scientific purposes, but as a means of livelihood. For them he received five hundred dollars, and sometimes a thousand dollars a trip.

"Yes, an odd and a dangerous one" he replied.

"No doubt, especially when a balloon takes fire in the air, or collapses. But," I asked, "with judicious management and in favorable weather, is the peril really as great as most people think it is?"

"Every whit!" exclaimed the aeronaut. "I am never in the air an hour that I am not made fully aware, in some way, that my life is staked, and staked, too, against heavy odds. But the part of the venture that I always dread is the coming down, not the going up; especially coming to earth in a gale of wind, or even in a stiff breeze.

"You see too, that I am not like a 'scientist.' I must leave the ground on advertised time. When I make an engagement on a Fourth of July, or with some menagerie, I must leave at the hour announced, whether the aspect of the sky is favorable or not. It won't do to disappoint spectators after they've paid money to satisfy their curiosity. A crowd of people of that sort has neither soul nor reason. They expect you to make the flight, and will hoot and sometimes use violence if it is not made.

"I shall never forget an ascension I made from Detroit. I was hired for 'Vance's Great Circus and Caravan.' It was the 23d of August. I was to be paid five hundred dollars for the ascent.

'I had with me a young fellow named Ned Estes. Poor Ned! We came to Detroit the evening before with the balloon, the Gypsy Queen, a gay little air bubble of about nineteen thousand cubic feet capacity.

It was a bright morning, and we took the Gypsy to the ground early. A vacant space had been encircled by a rope for us, and a hose connected with the gas-pipe of some sort of a factory about a hundred yards away. We began to inflate the balloon with coal gas. Common burning gas is used in most of the large towns for this purpose. Pure hydrogen gas is much more expensive and difficult to manufacture, and the coal gas answers almost as well, though the odor is not agreeable.

It was past eleven o'clock when we ceased to inflate the balloon. Then we allowed her to ascend about thirty feet, and there held her to the ground by cords. This was done for an advertisement, to draw a crowd. And there *was* a crowd. I think not less than five thousand persons were in that circus. The performance lasted till a little after five o'clock in the afternoon, and then the people streamed out and surrounded the Gypsy.

Meantime the weather had changed. I never saw a more ominous sky. The scuds had begun to fly in the south, and every five or ten minutes there would come one of those dreary sighs of wind which to an aeronaut's ear, are as significant as signal guns.

"Fred," said Ned to me as we were hauling the balloon down so that we could get into the car, "what do you think the public hog would say if we were to let out the gas and postpone this thing?"

I replied that I shouldn't care so much for what might be said as for what might be done. A coat of tar and feathers, and a general distributing of the Gypsy in little pieces for mementoes, would follow our refusal to "go up." Go we must, if we died for it. That was of no consequence to the crowd.

"All right," said Ned. "But we had better come down at once, unless we want to sail in a southwester."

I urged Ned not to go with me, the prospect looked so threatening; but he replied:

"Oh, I'm going! But, Fred, I think we had better insert the words 'if the weather is clear in our next advertisement."

I thought so, too.

It was a noisy crowd. Lots of liquor had been drank, and there was not a spark of pity for us in the mind of a person present.

At a quarter after five the gun was fired. Ned leaned out of the basket.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "we are now about to bid you adieu! Good-night! I guess you've sent us to our death," he added, in a lower tone of voice, as he turned with a forced laugh to me.

The line was cut. Gypsy, vaulting from the ground, sailed up like a great white bird towards the darkening sky. A shout followed us. Handkerchiefs waved. But we were soon high aloft and out of earshot.

I had kept the hose on till the last moment, so as to have every inch of the canvas inflated, for, under the most favorable circumstances, I never like to hear a balloon flap, and for the last hour or two I had been convinced that we should be forced across Lake St. Clair before we reached the earth again. So, as I have said, I filled her with gas, and took in three sand-bags of ballast.

For two thousand feet we went right up—up—up, almost in a straight line. There seemed to be scarcely a breath of wind. But higher up we could see the scuds flying spitefully, and we were rapidly approaching them. A few hundred feet more were passed, and we struck the storm current. The Gypsy ducked and lurched off.

"Hold on!" Ned shouted, and if we hadn't held on, we should have gone out of the basket, for we got a tremendous jerk. The balloon bobbed her head and bolted northeast, right over the straits and the lake. She drew us after her at the rate of sixty miles an hour, perhaps even faster than that.

But Lake St. Clair is a goodish bit of water. We were over it till nearly seven o'clock, when the woods and houses on the Canada shore began to come in sight, and we were soon over them.

"Let's get down," said Ned, who had been taking a long look at the country. "There's a large village ahead. Let's try for that, and drop as near it as we can."

I looked, and then pulled at the rope of the valve—which, when open, allows the gas to escape—so as to drop the balloon down out of the upper air current in which we were flying. The escape of gas caused the Gypsy to descend. She went sagging down on a long incline for perhaps a thousand feet, but still continued to fly rapidly forward.

We had come within eight or nine hundred feet of the earth, and saw, not a little to our consternation, that the wind blew the trees fiercely, and that a strong southeasterly gale was sweeping the ground. The wind was more violent than it had been aloft.

I knew then that we must encounter some severe bumping, but neither of us anticipated such a gale as that we fell into; for, as we got lower, we were swept on faster and faster.

At a height of two hundred feet above the trees and fences we were carried along at certainly twice the speed of a race-horse! Fields and farm-houses sped under us. We had passing glimpses of here and there an astonished face turned up toward us.

"This never will do!" Ned shouted. "It's death to touch the ground."

He pitched out a bag of sand. When it struck the earth it burst like a shell. I threw out another.

Just then we were crossing a road. A horse and wagon, containing a man and a woman, were passing. The sand-bag struck the fence, smashing it to splinters. With a horrified glance, the passengers plied their whip. We left them bounding away at a gallop.

The Gypsy vaulted into the air again. The country flew from under us. A heavy mist began to envelope us. Soon drops of rain drove into the car. A stormy night was setting in. The rain and mist saturated the cordage and increased the weight of the balloon, and we again settled toward the earth.

Our situation can be imagined—flying at such speed over a country the surface of which could now scarcely be distinguished! One bump against the earth, a house, or a rock, would probably be fatal to us.

"We must try the hooks!" Ned exclaimed.

We had two anchors attached to inch and a half lines that were 200 feet in length. I cast out one of them, and we laid hold of the rope, in expectation of a sudden arrest of our flight. We were slowly settling, and it presently caught on something.

There was a prodigious jerk, but the obstacle we had hooked gave way. The anchor bounded upwards, almost into the car, and we rose again, but only for a moment or two. Then came a series of hitches and jerks as the grapnel dragged after us. Fence poles were hooked up. One post flew up almost to a level with our faces. A moment later we went over a farm-house. The anchor ripped up the eaves and sent the bricks rattling off the chimney. What the people inside thought of the hubbub is more than I know. Ned said they might bless their stars that we had not taken the house with us.

All at once we heard a splashing. We were passing over a pond. The anchor was dragging in the water. The pond was covered with ducks. They rose with sharp quackings and a tremendous rumble of wings. One flew blindly into the car.

The next instant we experienced a terrific jerk. The anchor line snapped. The balloon bounced up from the earth. The anchor had caught in a large tree, and the cord had broken like thread. We threw out the other anchor. It was our only hope.

It had grown very dark and was raining hard. The anchor caught repeatedly, but did not hold. We were carried in this manner several miles. Soon the bucket began to graze the treetops.

At length we hauled up the line, and found why the anchor did not catch; both flukes were broken off! I cut it loose. The balloon rose a little.

Ned then tied the anchor-line to our last sand-bag, and we threw that out, hoping it might hitch round something. Evidently we were over a forest. I could hear the heavy bag crashing through the boughs.

Suddenly we felt an awful jerk. The car lurched downward and struck heavily against something. Though we were holding fast, the shock wrenched our hands from the ropes. I was hurled forward, and struck amid a mass of wet brush, at which I clutched desperately. It bent downward, but I held on and it supported me.

At the same instant I heard Ned cry out, as if hurt. The balloon was violently beating against what seemed to be branches. I could hear the silk ripping, and smell the escaping gas.

Very cautiously I felt about. Getting hold of the larger boughs, I found that I was in a tree-top. In a short time I was able to climb downward, and soon slid to the ground. It was some kind of an evergreen—a large spruce I think.

As soon as I reached the ground, I shouted to Ned. No answer followed. I groped about, but could not find him. Lighting matches—I always carry them in my pocket—I searched beneath the trees near by, and came upon the poor fellow lying upon his side senseless, about forty feet distant, where he had fallen.

As quickly as possible, I collected brush and branches of trees, and after much difficulty kindled a fire. Ned was breathing faintly.

By chafing him and by the aid of cordial from my flask, I brought him to consciousness in about ten minutes. But he groaned pitiably, and I now discovered that his left leg was broken above the knee. He was dreadfully shaken up otherwise, having been thrown thirty or forty feet to the ground.

I never was in such a quandary as to what I ought to do. His leg should be set at once; but if I started for help in the darkness I was as likely to go further into the woods as to find a settlement.

Well, sir, what I did do was first to build a better fire, then cut some splints, and tear the linings of my coat into bandages, and set that leg myself!

Of course I hurt him fearfully. He cried and groaned in a way that cut me to the heart. I straightened and got the bones into position as best I could; then I kept the fire burning brightly, and stayed by him till morning.

When it had at last grown light, I climbed a tree and tried to get some idea of the country. The Gypsy hung in the treetops, a wreck. The gas had all escaped and the canvas was badly torn.

I got the hatchet from the car, and leaving Ned as comfortably placed as possible, set off, 'blazing trees' as I went. I had seen something that looked like a clearing, to the southeast, and started for that, using my pocket compass. I tho't I went at least nine or ten miles before I came out of the woods to a house—a shanty of French Canadians.

There I gathered a company of five men and went back for Ned. We got him to the shanty a little before sunset. But it was not till the next afternoon that I could get a doctor from the village of Sangertown, seventeen miles below, to visit him.

The leg was by that time so swollen and sore that the physician did not think it advisable to reset it, and it never was reset. It got well in time, and is now a pretty good leg.

The Gypsy was an entire loss to me; I never got even the silk and ropes out of the woods. She was worth about a thousand dollars. So you see I did not make much out of that trip from Detroit. *Youth's Companion.*

"My wife," remarked a prominent manufacturer, "never attends auctions. She went once before we were married, and seeing a friend on the other side, nodded politely, whereupon the auctioneer knocked down a patent cradle, and asked her where he wished it delivered."

## GEMS FROM THE MODERN POETS.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.

"Come, while the dew on the meadow glitters,
Come where the starlight smiles on the lake,"
"Not much," she said, "for I don't like blisters,
And the dew and miasma compel me to take
Quinine and whisky, dog-fennel tea,
Whisky and quassia, quantum suff.,
Dogwood and whisky, whisky-free,
Quinine straight, and all such stuff."

NAUGHTYCAL.

Miss Flora McFlimsey McVeagh
Went sailing in Wallabout Beigh,
When her lover he met her, upset her and wet her
All over with old ocean's spreigh.

Miss Flora she thought it quite rough,
And called her bold lover a mough;
But her lover he caught her, and taught her that water,
Like riches, is unstable stough.

MATRIMONIAL.

The bride was led up the broad aisle,
Got up in the most killing staisle,
When asked if she'd be
A true wife to he,
She promptly replied. "I should smaisle."

RETCH-ED.

An ancient young maid in Duboque,
Whom all of her friends had forsuque,
Feeling very pathetic,
Sought with tartar emetic
To end life; but only did puque.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

There was a young lady in Worcester
Who could crow quite as well as a rorcester,
She could whistle and sing—
Do most anything
That boys can, except
That she wasn't adept
At climbing with no one to borcester.

## The Midnight Sun.

This wondrous spectacle is thus impressively described by Bayard Taylor:

We were in the narrow strait between the Island of Magerøe, the northern extremity of which forms the North Cape, and the mainland. Here, where the scurvy carries off half the inhabitants—where pastors coming from Southern Norway die within a year—where no trees grow, no vegetables come to maturity, and gales from every quarter of the icy sea beat the last faint life out of nature, men will still persist in living, in apparent defiance of all natural laws. Yet they have at least an excuse for it in the marvelous provision which Providence has made for their food and fuel. The sea and fjords are alive with fish, which are not only a means of existence but of profit to them, while the wonderful Gulf-stream, which crosses 3000 miles of the Atlantic to die upon this Ultima Thule in a last struggle with the Polar Sea, casts up the spoils of tropical forests to feed their fires.

On issuing from the strait we turned southward into the great Porsanger Fjord, which stretches nearly a hundred miles into the heart of Lapland, dividing Western from Eastern Finmark. Its shores are high monotonous hills, half covered with snow, and barren of vegetation, except patches of grass and moss. Running along the eastern shore, we exchanged the dreadful monotony through which we had been sailing for more rugged and picturesque scenery. Before us rose a wall or dark cliff, from five to six hundred feet in height, gaping here and there with sharp clefts or gashes, as if it had cracked in cooling, after the primeval fires. As we approached the end of the promontory which divides the Porsanger from the Lane Fjords the rocks became more abrupt and violently shattered. The rock of Sværholt, off the point, resembled a massive fortress in ruins. Thousands of white gulls, gone to their mighty roost, rested on every ledge and cornice of the rock. The steamers' cannon was directed towards the largest vault, and discharged. The fortress shook with the crashing reverberation; then rose a wild, piercing, myriad-tongued cry, which still rings in my ears. With the cry came a rushing sound, as of a tempest among the woods; a white cloud burst out of the hollow archway, like the smoke of an answering shot, and, in the space of a second, the air was filled with birds thicker than autumn leaves, and rang with one universal clanging shriek. There could not have been less than 50,000 in the air at one time, while as many more clung to the face of the rock, or screamed from the . . . . of the vaults

It was now eleven o'clock, and Sværholt glowed in fiery bronze lustre as we rounded it—the eddies of returning birds gleaming golden in the nocturnal sun, like drift of beech leaves in the October air. Far to the north, the sun lay in a bed of saffron light over the clear horizon of the Arctic Ocean. A few bars of dazzling orange cloud floated above him, and still higher in the sky, where the saffron melted through delicate rose color into blue, hung light wreaths of vapor, touched with pearly opaline flushes of pink and golden grey. The sea was a web of pale slate color, shot through and through with threads of orange and saffron, from the dance of a myriad shifting and twinkling ripples. The air was filled and permeated with the soft mysterious glow, and even the very azure of the southern sky seemed to shine through a net of golden gauze. Far to the north-east was Nordkyn, the most northern point of the mainland of Europe, gleaming rosily and faint in the full beams of the sun; and just as our watches denoted midnight, the North Cape appeared to the westward—a long line of purple bluff, presenting a vertical front of 900 feet in height to the Polar Sea. Midway between these two magnificent headlands stood the *midnight sun*, shining on us with subdued fires, and the gorgeous coloring of an hour for which we have no name, since it is neither sunset nor sunrise, but the blended loveliness of both, and shining at the same moment in the heat and splendor of noonday on the Pacific Isles.

This was the midnight sun as I had dreamed it—as I had hoped to see it. Within fifteen minutes after midnight there was a perceptible increase of altitude, and in less than half an hour the whole sky had changed—the yellow brightening into orange, and the saffron melting into the pale vermillion of dawn. Yet it was neither the colors nor the same character of light as we had half an hour *before* midnight. The difference was so slight as scarcely to be described; but it was the difference between evening and morning. The faintest transfusion of one prevailing tint into another had changed the whole expression of heaven and earth, and so imperceptibly and miraculously that a new day was already present to our consciousness. Our view of the wild cliffs around, less than two hours before, belonged to yesterday, though we had stood on deck, in full sunshine, during all the intervening time. Let those explain the phenomenon who can; but I found my physical senses utterly at war with those mental perceptions wherewith they should harmonize. The eye saw but one unending day; the mind noticed the twenty-four hours on its calendar as before. Well might Linnæus exclaim, with pious rapture, as he gazed upon this—"not the least of Nature's miracles"—"O Lord, how wonderful are Thy works!"


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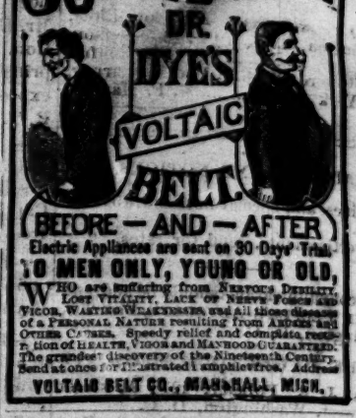


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